WOMEN'S

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SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

NOTE—This song shows to some extent the dark shadow which hovers over the Indians' pathway to the spirit land. Only the clear sunlight of the Gospel will cause these shadows to flee away.—Ed.

THE Dark-eye has left us,
The Spring-bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone.
The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore,
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We hear it no more!

Of the strange land she walks in
No Powah has told;
It may burn with the sunshine,
Or freeze with the cold.
Let us give to our lost one the robes that she wore,
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see her no more!

The path she is treading
Shall soon be our own;
Each gliding in shadow
Unseen and alone!
In vain shall we call on the souls gone before—
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—They hear us no more!

Oh, might Sowanna!*
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the poor spirit whose journey is o'er—
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see her no more!

—*Selected.*

*"The Great South West God."

WARM SPRINGS MISSION.

WARM SPRINGS, Crook Co., Oregon, August 31, 1888.

Dear Sisters:—To tell about our Indians would make a long, long letter. I would not become weary in writing, for our interest in this needy people, an interest growing stronger every day, would take from me all thoughts of toil and weariness. And, again, the interest taken in our work by kind friends, both old and young, so far away, would make our task a pleasant one. What a source of cheer it is to us when toiling in the Master's Vineyard to know—yes, to know—that hearts are warmly beating in sympathy with us and our work. That prayers, like beautiful doves, are going up again and again from loving hearts—hearts filled with the love of Jesus.

I know from the interest ever manifested you would not be weary reading a long letter, but the many other duties connected with our work prevents my writing you at length. I think I will not be interrupted very much today by my Indian friends, as the most of them—in fact nearly all of them—are away from home and away from the reservation. Some of them are at the Dalles, our nearest railroad town, eighty miles away. They go there to do much of their trading and especially to get fish. Near this town, on the Columbia river, is the old home of many of these Indians. There many of their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and friends are buried. There many who are now on this reservation were born, and there they spent their young life. They love to go there now and look over the scenes of long ago, and see the old familiar objects of years past and gone. Everything about this old home is now changed, save the beautiful river and the rock-bound hills on either side. It has been changed by the white man's hand. On the old camping ground of the Indian and the play ground of his children, stands the white man's home. Where he took from the beautiful waters of the "River of Oregon" his food, the white man takes his.

This may be right, it may not. And we know that in this case it is not. The Indians were deceived, cheated and wronged. Their fishing grounds were taken from them and they forbidden to come to those waters and take therefrom the food of their fathers. I can tell you the good news—good to these Indians—that the United States government has been endeavoring to right the wrong it has done them, and I hear the Indians are soon to come in possession of their old fishing grounds. They will not go there again to live, but they will go there to get fish. They have often come to me and talked about the way in which the government wronged them, and they were sad. They come now and tell me how rejoiced they are that the wrong is being righted.

Some of the Indians have gone to the mountains to hunt and to gather berries. The men do the hunting and the women gather and dry the berries. They gather what is known as the whortle berry—commonly known as the "huckle" berry. There are hundreds, yes, I might say thousands of bushels of these berries in the Cascade mountains, and they are a delicious berry, and the Indians and some white people with whom I am familiarly acquainted are quite fond of them. The men enjoy the hunt and spend much time at it during the late season of the year; many of them spend much more time than they should and neglect their work at home. We hope the time will come when they will all have, as many of them have at present, good and comfortable homes, and will remain at them and not go roaming through

the mountains for their food and spending much of their time in idleness.

Some of them, and a great majority of them, have crossed the mountains into the Willamette valley. They have gone to gather hops. This is a business largely followed in the valley, and our people are in great demand in the gathering season. We are sorry to have them help in a business that is productive of so much evil, but as they have but little money and few ways of making any, we feel we cannot prohibit them from making a few dollars. Some of them save their money and bring it home with them; some spend it there, while others gamble away all they make and come home much poorer and worse in heart than when they went away. Many of their gambling devices were taught them by the white men.

As I look from my study window I see an Indian woman starting away to the mountains. She is the daughter of an Indian who lives only a few rods from the "Mission Home." To one of our young Eastern girls it would be a strange sight. The Indian girl has two horses, or rather Indian ponies; on one is what we would call a man's saddle, on the other is what we know here as a pack-saddle. On the first is a number of blankets, and on top of the blankets the Indian girl riding as you see the men riding. On the other horse is her tenting, bedding, household furniture, buckets and bags for the berries, both dried and fresh. She has a journey of thirty-five or forty miles before her, but she thinks nothing of that, and will reach her journey's end tonight or tomorrow morning. This is a common sight with us. We thought it strange when we first saw it, but like many other things in this strange life of ours, we become accustomed to it, and even have become strong advocates of women riding as these Indian women do. We fully realize that it is the easiest and especially the safest way for a woman to ride a horse; particularly is this so in this mountainous and rocky country. Oftentimes these women ride along a mountain trail that is just wide enough for the pony to walk, and beneath her hundreds of feet below is the wild flowing mountain stream; for the pony to step one foot to the side would send pony and rider down to certain death. To pass over some of these trails makes an inexperienced person's hair stand straight on end, but these women ride along, oftentimes with their little children in their arms, without seemingly a particle of fear.

Many of them when they go away take all they have along with them. These mostly live in tents or wigwams. Often I have gone along the way expecting to see an Indian's wigwam at a certain place, but when I came there nothing was left to "tell the story" but the few black poles on which the canvas of their tent had rested. Tent, household goods—of which there are oftentime but very few,—and children, of which there are sometimes very many, all were tied on horses' backs, and away they speed to roam the forests and breathe the fresh air that is wafted to them from the snow-capped mountains. We are looking, longing, working and praying for the day when these Indian men and women will have beautiful and comfortable homes, and when they will enjoy the comforts of a more civilized life, more than they now enjoy their half civilized and roving life. Hope fills our breast as we see the dawning of the morning. Patient and persevering work, with the help and prayers of brothers and sisters throughout the Church, will IN TIME accomplish the work

I have thus given you a little insight into a part, an important part, of the life of this people. Let us now turn to the work in which we are engaged, and when a few words are spoken in regard to it my time will be up.

Since I was with the friends at Xenia our work has been going along quietly and, in the main, pleasantly. Few have joined our number, but of this we are not surprised, and at it we do not wonder. Our main object has been to teach them the Gospel of Christ, and leave them to the operations of the Spirit, knowing that the Spirit, in *God's own time*, would lead them into the fold. To some it might be a cause for discouragement, that few or none come into the church, but as we do not believe there is any such word as "discouragment" in the English language when speaking of the work for Christ, we know good is being done. These Indians are learning that the missionary is the truest friend they have, and are beginning to trust us more and more. They come to us with their troubles and trials, and often with their business matters—and we give them comfort and advice.

The attendance on the Sabbath has been good, and they have generally listened attentively to the good words from the Bible; and many of them, and among the number some who are not members, are trying to live up to the teachings of the Word of God. They have much with which to contend, and not the least obstacle in the way is the example and advice of those who are here in the employ of the United States government. Many of those sent here have been irreligious, and some of them have been open opposers of the work of Christ. They do not come out like men and women, but like snakes in the grass they seek to strike their victims from their secret hiding place. We have paid no attention, but went on as best we could with our work. The United States government would do a good work if they would send a man to TRY and convert some of the employes whom they send among these Indians—at least to make them honorable men and women.

You all know what the Church has been endeavoring to do for the children of this people in getting control of the schools on the reservation. We had expected to have everything in order by this time, and to have had the children under our care, and no doubt would have done so had not some of these government employes instigated the Indians against us. By misrepresentations and purely false statements, they led the Indians to believe that the Church was not their friend, and it would not be best to have the Church teach their children.

The schools, since I came to this reservation, have been conducted by the government, under the supervision of the Indian agent. When I came there was a Christian man who was acting as Superintendent of the schools at the Agency. He stayed but a short time. Then there came one who was not a Christian man, but respected the Christian religion, and was glad to have the missionary come into the school, sing with the children, read the Bible to them and with them and pray for them. He stayed but a short time, and then came a man who has now been here more than two years, who is, to make a long story short, a shame and a disgrace to the Indian service: profane, intemperate, slovenly, coarse and vulgar, an infidel and scoffer of religion. Such a man the United States government has kept over the children of these people. The Indians have long been intensely angry that such a man has been kept here to teach their children. They have come to us often and told us they wanted another and a Christian man, but what could we do? Nothing. We said to them, we can do nothing for you as regards that man. The government will not listen to us. We can only try and get your children, and place good men and women over them, and this we will do. We went to work, and the prospects were we would soon have the school, but this same man began talking to some of the dissatisfied

Indians, and caused them to send on to the Indian Department at Washington a protest against our having the school. This stopped our work, and until the present time we have not been able to have matters adjusted so that the work could go on. The prospects are now much brighter than they were some weeks ago, and we hope soon to have word from Washington that will enable us to put the work forward, and in a few months we hope to have these children under the care of good Christian men and women.

5 o'clock P. M. Since writing the above, Brother Wilson, Superintendent of the Indian school, who is now with us, has received very encouraging word from Dr. Owens regarding the school matter. The prospects are bright indeed. I can give you no particulars at present as they are not to be made public. You will learn them in time.

And now in closing let me say to your class in the Sabbath-school, come out, every one of you, and see us and our Indians. We will treat you well, give you all the roots you can eat, allow you a corner in our beautiful wigwam built by the friends of the United Presbyterian Church.

Remember us in your prayers. Think of us and our work often. Write to us. We cannot meet our friends and we love to read letters from them.

May God bless and keep you all.

Your Brother in Christ,

R. W. McBRIDE.

THE INDIAN QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL.

BY MISS M. A. GILE.

[Part of a Paper read before the Indian Association of Salem, Mass.]

MUCH has been said and written upon this "Indian Question," and yet comparatively few of us have any distinct idea of the abuses which have disgraced our government in its dealing with the Indian, of the steps which have already been taken to rectify some of these evils, and of how much yet remains to be done. First, then, let us hastily review the abuses. The Indians, living upon western reservations, number about one-fourth of a million, 260,000, it is estimated, not equal to the population of Boston. Yet the government contributes millions of dollars annually to their support; and still the Indian remains uncivilized! Surely a mistake somewhere.

When the system of reservations for the Indians was first established by the government, it largely met the requirements of the time, permitting the tribal relations to exist intact, and granting sufficient land to a people who, by hunting and fishing, secured the necessities of life. But, as the tide of emigration rolled westward, the Indian reservations were surrounded and pressed upon by a constantly increasing white population, greedy for land. The rights of the Indians were ignored, their lands wrested from them without ceremony, and their tribes driven from one reservation to another, and always further west by order of the government.

The condition of the "Mission Indians" of Southern California and Mexico is a sad illustration of the violation of sacred treaties made by our government. They have been gradually dispossessed of their lands by fraud and violence, driven into almost uninhabitable sections, until wretched, disheartened and helpless to redress their wrongs, they have fallen back into a degraded state of barbarism, from which the earnest efforts of the missionaries had elevated them. A missionary from among them tells us that

"If Indians were found drunk—and almost every other house in Los Angeles was a saloon—they were sold to the highest bidder to work out their fine, while their drunken white neighbor was left undisturbed." Which was the more civilized of the two, the white or the red man? But the account of their sufferings, faithfully and pathetically described in "Ramona," has been too widely read to need repetition here. This is but a single illustration. "Exaggerated" some may and do say, but, on the contrary, the half has not been told of the misery and suffering accompanying every removal of Indian tribes, if one may believe eye-witnesses.

Capt. Hewins gives his experience, when called upon to transfer a certain tribe of Indians from one reservation to another. He says the chief, an old man, came to him and on his knees, with tears and sobs, implored him to intercede with the "Great Father" at Washington, to spare his tribe and not send them from the homes they loved; as for himself, he would die where he had lived rather than be torn from all that was dear to him and his people! Suicide released him from his misery. It was Capt. Hewins who had charge of the Indian prisoners after the Custer massacre, and it may be proper to mention just here the method he adopted in controlling them. He began by showing that they trusted them; he adds that he "never lied to them," and they, in turn, kept their faith unbroken.

The land of many of the reservations, now left to the Indian, is quite unfit for cultivation, and game is everywhere scarce, affrighted by the advancing wave of civilization; consequently, government sends out meagre rations to these tribes, and the Indian, having no incentive to work and being naturally lazy, develops into a pauper, to whose support some of the government's millions go. As to the rest, it is quite evident where that goes, when we come to consider the work of the government in regard to its Indian Agents; the principles of "civil service reform" could be applied with beneficial results. Among the many who are totally disqualified for the position, there are, of course, faithful, competent men; but even their efficiency is crippled by the small appropriations, while good agents are frequently displaced or transferred to another agency, after a short period of excellent service, to the detriment of the reservation; and in their places, men are appointed as a reward for political favors, utterly ignorant of the duties of their position. Professor Painter, of Washington, relates some amusing anecdotes illustrating this point; he says: "Teachers have secured positions who hardly knew enough to draw their salaries! Physicians, who never studied medicine, have been sent out; tincture of iodine was recommended by one man for sore-throat, to be taken internally! Wagons were sent to villages where there were no horses and which were too large to haul," and other equally absurd instances are cited. In all these cases, unprincipled men are acting as agents, working solely for their personal aggrandizement at the expense of both Indian and government.

Why is it that the Indian, living in regions exposed to the influences of civilization, is still a savage, is a question often asked by those who are tempted to regard the Indian as an irreclaimable barbarian.

First, it must be remembered, that the civilization which surrounds them is rarely of the highest type, and many of its most debasing evils are thrust upon the Indian. A semi-barbarous state worse than his original condition is the result. Drink, here as elsewhere, is a curse which has demoralized many tribes. Another evil, resulting from contact with the over-mastering white element, is the decline of the tribal law, while there is no civil law to take its place. Not being a citizen an Indian cannot be tried for crimes or offenses committed against an Indian, neither has

the sufferer any redress, so an "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" system of retaliation prevails.

Such are some of the wrongs to be righted in this much vexed Indian question; but "every cloud has a silver lining" and, having considered the dark side, let us turn to what has already been done to relieve this suffering and oppression.

Since it is the voice of the people which controls legislation in our country, every effort has been made by the friends of the Indians to arouse general and widespread interest in them, and so to influence public opinion as to secure their rights by wise legislation. Starting from the National Indian Association established in Philadelphia, seven year ago, similar organizations and auxiliaries have been formed in all the large cities and towns of the East, all working with the same end in view. One of the most important results of their labor has been to secure the recent passage of the "Dawes Severalty Bill," which permits each Indian who desires it to own 160 acres of land by individual title, to be held in trust by the government for twenty-five years. In the infancy of all communities of people the first step toward civilization has been marked by the individual ownership of land. The next advance is toward the privileges of citizenship. With the exception of the Chinese, we have assimilated every nationality within our borders and given the rights of citizenship. When the negroes were freed they were immediately enfranchised, the government judging that the wisest way to make them citizens was by practical experience. But the Indians have been dealt with as separate nations, and by so doing have been encouraged to retain their clannish and barbarous habits of life. The verdict of the wisest legislators and friends of the Indian, is to exterminate the savage, by making him a citizen. When the Indian boy becomes a self-supporting individual, subject to all the duties of a citizen of the Republic, the burden of his maintenance is removed from the government's shoulders.

The process of civilization must necessarily be slow and the two main factors to produce the result, are Christianity and education, especially industrial education. The two must go together neither, alone, can be effectual. General Armstrong illustrates the point by the remark of one of his Indian students, who told his classmates, that he was now on the high-road to civilization, having learned to say his prayers and to hoe onions! The Indians are naturally susceptible to religious influences, and much good work has been done among them by missionaries of various denominations, but "The harvest truly is plentlous but the laborers are few." All who heard Miss Collins's pathetic appeal for help to carry the Bread of Life to these starving souls, realize how great is their need.

Much has been done by the schools upon the reservations for the education of Indian children, for it is with them that the hope of their nation rests. The boarding-schools show more favorable results than the day-schools, the pupils of the latter being in constant contact with tribal life. Too much cannot be said of the great work done in the Industrial Schools at Carlisle with Captain Pratt as its efficient principal, and General Armstrong's school at Hampton. The students here, besides acquiring the English language and rudimentary studies, are taught carpentry, shoe-making, etc., while the girls are instructed in all practical household duties, and very apt pupils they have proved themselves. It was the writer's privilege to visit "Lincoln Institute," now an Indian school upon the Carlisle and Hampton principle. Brighter, more intelligent faces one rarely sees in any school. In the dress-making room, Indian girls were cutting, sewing and fitting as deftly as their white sisters, and one accomplished young women was practicing the piano with infinitely more patience

than any boarding-school miss in the country and as delicate a touch, if the bitterest enemies of Indian civilization could visit these school, conversion would follow, in spite of themselves; but out of 50,000 Indian children, only 10,000 are being educated at present, so that much remains to be done.

The conditon of many of the educated Indians becomes pitiable in the extreme, after their return to the reservation; they cannot make their trade of use without proper utensils or without demand for their labor, and the government does not supply either; and finally, the overwhelming pressure of their surroundings results in a relapse into barbarism, more miserable than the first state, having had a glimpse and knowledge of better things.

As a partial remedy for these ills, a project has been formed to place a picture of civilization in their very midst, by loaning $300 or $400 to young Indian couples, who have been taught the ways of civilization, to build a little home upon their own land in "severalty," to serve as a constant every-day object lesson, to their ignorant brethren, of the blessings a civilized home affords.

Christianization, educati on and citizenship, then, are the crying needs of the Indian to-day, and the first steps have already been taken in these three directions; but continued persistent effort is still necessary. The obstacles before are great, but a look back at what has been accomplished encourages us to push forward to the ever brightening future. We cannot all give large sums of money or appeal personally to the law-makers of our country, but we each can give our "mite" and speak a good word for this despised people, remembering the words of the Saviour of all mankind, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Lend a Hand.*

THE WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

Among the valuable agencies for the benefit of the Indians, that of the Women's Indian Association stands first and deserves the commendation and and active support of all the friends of the Indians. Organized in 1879, it has been faithful to its mission and has accomplished great good. Amelia S. Quinton furnishes the *Christian Union* the following account of its work:

"The work of the original or Women's Indian Association, prosecuted by about ninety branch organizations located in twenty-eight States, has, among other results, obtained the passage of resolutions which were authoritative instructions to their national representatives in eight legislatures, and last year influenced Congress and aided in securing needed Indian legislation by sixty-five petitions to that body and by many hundreds of letters to its members; and has influenced the public by articles on Indian topics in eight hundred newspapers, magazines and other periodicals, by four hundred regular meetings and mass meetings, and by the circulation of forty-nine thousand leaflets and pamphlets concerning Indians and their affairs, as well as in many other unrecorded ways. The Association has also from its Home Building Fund been enabled to educated Indian married couples to build inexpensive model homes, and is planning to build several others, besides enabling individual Indians in various sections to purchase looms, tools, sewing machines and other means of self-supporting labor.

"The Missionary Work of the Association, which is pioneer labor in tribes not otherwise provided with missionaries, has already directly or indirectly resulted in

planting missions at seven stations in six different tribes, is about to open another, has still a wide field of sixty tribes and separated portions of tribes to possess and is rapidly growing in favor and power. This department of the Association has already sent out its first medical missionary, expects soon to send another, and hopes also to open, or aid to open, a small home or hospital for aged Indian women at some station among the forty thousand Sioux, and also to establish an industrial center at one or more points on reservations where educated returned Indian students can find civilized and self-sustaining industries, and which shall open the way there for Indian women to learn remunerative industrial pursuits. That these and such lines of work are fast coming to be the chief lines of the society's activities, while it will not cease to do all that it has hitherto done to obtain and execute just laws for the race, is matter of congratulation as a wise division of labor with the gentlemen's association, that society happily having chosen as its own special work the maintenance of the legal and political rights of Indians, to watch the execution of the Land-in-Severalty bill and of other laws; to prevent land frauds, and to establish the claims of tribes, a work which it is abundantly able to do, and for which its twenty-five or more branches can well secure means from capitalists and business men, many of whom are directly interested in the speedy and just solution of the Indian question.

"It is easy to see that what is everywhere needed among Indians, along with the regular operation of law, is at least one first-class mission in every tribe which shall include night schools for those beyond school age, domestic art and industrial teaching, medical and hospital help, instruction in gardening, farming, and the mechanic arts, and which shall also surely be a mission for constant and earnest Christian teaching on week-days and on Sabbath. It may not be possible or desirable to combine all these under one management in each tribe, but the Women's Indian Association has begun some of these lines of work, and hopes to place in the destitute tribes a mission many-sided and strong enough to do much in these directions. Surely a good working for such ends by organization in all the States must win the help and enthusiasm needed for success, and greatly hasten that day when our native race may safely be relegated to the care of its own united hands, opened eyes, trained minds, Christianized homes, and regenerated hearts. Let the patriotic Christian women who are ready to help this work be now heard from.

—*Gospel in all Lands.*

CAN INDIANS BECOME CHRISTIANS?

The following statements will be read with great pleasure by the friends of the Indian remnant in the United States. They lend great significance to the Christian work which is sustained and encouraged by the government, and promoted by the churches in behalf of this people:

In the year 1856, Rev. William Duncan, from England, reached British Columbia, near the Southern shore of Alaska, as missionary to the Indians there. At Victoria he was warned that it would be sure death to venture among them, but nevertheless he went bravely on to his destination, an Indian village of 2,300 people, belonging to nine bands, and crowded around a post of the Hudson Bay Company.

These people were located for the win-

ter, and for months they kept up their horrid orgies. Sometimes bands of men, with wild noises, initiated their children as medicine men; or, again, a chief's daughter assumed her rank upon the body of a slave slain to grace the occasion, the body being afterwards devoured by the cannibals. Not all the tribe, but only particular men, were man eaters

Meanwhile Mr. Duncan was learning the language, a difficult task. He found it a copious tongue, having two adjectives to our one, and much more inflected than our own. One day while he was studying, a chief came to him and asked, "Have you a letter from God?" Mr. Duncan replied, "I have a book from God." The Indian wished to see it. Then, "Is that God's letter?" "Yes." "Does that tell us God's heart?" "Yes." "Are you going to tell the Indians that?" "Yes." "Good! Good!"

When, at the end of eight months, Mr. Duncan began to preach, he was obliged to repeat his first sermon nine times the same day, for no two bands would assemble in the same house. He found them most accessible, however, in the evening, when thirty or forty would be gathered around the fire in one house. In these "neighborhood meetings," as it were, the first gleam of Gospel truth entered their darkened souls.

Opposition soon began to show itself, however, and plots were laid to take the missionary's life, so that it became necessary to remove those who were inclined to accept Christianity from the influence of the others; so with fifty Indians Mr. Duncan went seventeen miles up the river. One family after another followed from the camp, till over 1,000 people from thirteen tribes were located there. Their village now consists of neat houses, some of them two storied, with windows, papered walls, and nice gardens. They have a church that will seat 1,200—the largest in British Columbia—a hall, a saw-mill, brickyard and cannery. They export large quantities of canned salmon, for which they make the tins themselves.

They have their own police, and are more obedient to the laws than the whites of the surrounding country. There has been no bloodshed among them for twenty-four years, which cannot be said of the white settlement near them. No liquor is sold among them, woman has her proper position, and they are careful to observe the Sabbath. The Western Union Telegraph Company employed some of these Indians to assist in locating a new line. When Sabbath came, the whites went on with their work, but the Indians rested, and in spite of ridicule, held their little service. On the following days they outstripped the whites, and finished their part of the work first. The agent of the company afterwards remarked to Mr. Duncan, "The next time I want Indians that won't work on the Sabbath."

These facts are taken from an address given recently by Mr. Duncan in one of the suburbs of Boston. They prove most conclusively the two statements with which he commenced his remarks: First, that the Gospel of Christ has lost none of its power; and second, that the real difficulty in elevating the Indian is not the Indian but the white man.—*Selected.*

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

* * * I think the prospect is bright. I believe the field of God among the Dakotas is ripening to the harvest. The days of faithful sowing date back now many years; the children of our pioneer missionaries have themselves spent years in spreading the tidings; they have also reaped much. Our own church has received more communicants the past year than in any year since the great revival in the prisons.

Yet there is much remaining to be done

even in the way of evangelization. Rev. John P. Williamson thinks one third of the 50,000 Sioux are not yet brought under the influence of the gospel. At our agency probably one half of the 5,000 do not come to church. Moreover, what a great work is to be done in the training of those who have through preaching learned the first truths of the word! The old men and women may never show very different lives on earth. We must be content to simply save them from death. Is not that alone a God-like work? But what of the young? The Indians are increasing in numbers—not dying out. What sort of lives will our young Christians lead? That will be decided alto gether by the training they receive. Shall we depend on the occasional preaching service to counteract all the degrading influences and the temptations of the life that surrounds them? Shall we expect pulpit discourses only to displace the old tastes and expel the old sins by the power of the new affection they create in the heart? This they may do, but will they also sufficiently feed and foster and protect the new life so tender and so exposed?

Oh, these young hearts need close contact with the warm, loving hearts of Christians; they are responsive to the drawings of affection; they need a hand in which to place theirs for guidance; they are easily led; they need Christian homes which shall give them helpful and healthful surroundings, every encouragement and inducement to holy living and earnest work. Of such homes we have some among the Indians, but not enough. We want such a Christian home here; we greatly need it—an industrial boarding-school, a school which shall train the hands to useful labor, discipline the mind and give it wholesome food, and at the same time win and purify the heart by constant Christian influences. I do not see how else we can fulfill the latter half of our Saviour's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, *teaching them to observe all things* whatsoever I have commanded you."

And now, in behalf of Wolf standing on the hill, Bear lying down, Little Bear Little Spotted Horse, High Eagle, Charging Eagle, Elk Eagle, Glenn Boneneck, Woman that stands up to fight, Susie Spotted Crow, Mary Selwyn and Mr. and Mrs. and baby Obadiah Flute (our little band thus far gathered), and in behalf of us, your American fellow workers, I send the churches, salutation: I beg your prayers, I pray you give us our industrial boarding school.—*Rev. C. G. Sterling, Pineridge, Dak.—In Home and Abroad.*

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.

Who in this great nation shall answer before God for the sad fact, that in this second century of the life of this mighty Republic there are still 200,000 Indians unchristanized, within our borders? It is stated that there are only eighty-one missionaries at work among 184,000 Indians, or one missionary to 2,200 Indians; "17,000 Navajoes whom Christianity has not touched; 5,000 Apaches in Arizona absolutely destitute of Christian light; 17,000 Indians in Washington territory still heathen." How great is the ripe harvest even before our very doors, to say nothing of the vast fields of foreign heathenism! What a call is here for prayer, self sacrifice and earnest labor on the part of Christian people of this favored land! How small and contemptibly trivial seem all petty contentions and strifes, in the face of this solemn demand of God upon the church? Oh, that all the available forces of the kingdom were in active service for God and his cause!—*Christian Statesman.*

"*FOLDED HANDS.*"

The following lines are suggested by the very tender and beautiful poem in the last No. of the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, and I send them to you that if you deem them worth a place in the columns of the MAGAZINE, they may fall under the eye, with a feeble measure of comfort of any patient sufferer, and especially of the author of the poem alluded to, "Folded Hands."

Yes! The hands may be lying, still folded
On invalid bed or chair,
Still weary the long night watches,
And the pain still hard to bear;
And feeble the powers, still failing,
This mortal life so frail;
But those hands are clasping an anchor
"Which entereth within the vail."

Not idle! those hands so wasted—
Not idle—the days as they fly,
Not idle—the heart with its burden
Though oft it is heaving a sigh.
There's a thread the dear Saviour is weaving,
For His ways, aye, with blessings are rife,
'Twixt the warp and the woof it is running
Into the web of thy life.

Oh, a beautiful pattern He is weaving,
Which no mortal eye can see;
Upon earth all is dark and imperfect,
In Heaven the full glory shall be;
And to fashion that figure in beauty,
And work out His bright design,
There must needs be the pressure of trial
And all that heart-throbbing of thine.

Not always when the hands are most busy
In the world's imperious ways,
Are they doing the best work for the Master
That shall most redound to His praise.
It may be, when under the shadow,
Not a step—not a motion is made,
As the loveliest of flowers are blooming
'Neath the lowly and darksome shade.

Not idle those hands that are *tracing*
The lines of the Saviour's thought;
Not idle the time that is shewing
The wonders His wisdom hath wrought.
Not idle the hands that are clinging
To the promises Jesus hath given;
Not idle the feet that are climbing
The ladder that reaches to Heaven!

Oh! to "hold fast without wavering"
When the tempter and conflict are nigh
May be more than to march with the legions
When the banner is floating on high!
And to speak of the love and the mercy
Which brighten this season of pain,
And fill up the cup to o'erflowing
'Tis this Heaven accounteth as gain.

Not idle those hands that have written
Such lyrical gems as "It is Right,"
"Thy will be Done," "Patience," "*Folded Hands*,"
And "At evening time it shall be light."
And oh! how often on entering
That quiet "Chamber of Peace"
Where sits the lone sufferer in patience,
We have felt all earth's turbulence cease!

'Tis there in that chamber of sickness,
By the side of those "folded hands,"
Where the heart is filled with sweet sunshine,
And the Covenant Angel stands,
We have caught a bright vision of heaven
And heard the Celestial Chime!
Not idle! "Folded Hands," ye are bearing
The most glorious standard of time!

J. L. R.

New Wilmington, Pa., Sept. 1888.

MARTYR COMMEMORATION.

On March 28th there was observed in the Memorial Church at Antananarivo the thirty-ninth anniversary of the event which the church was built to commemorate. The large building was crowded to excess, the services lasting from three to four hours. The story relating to the early martyrdoms on the twenty-eighth of March, 1849, was rehearsed; how that on that day four Christians were burned alive and fourteen were hurled from the summit of the precipice on which the Memorial Church is built. Many of the older christians, including relatives of the martyrs, were seated on the platform and took part in the services. This commemoration of the faith and zeal of the early Christians will, it is believed, help much in stimulating the spiritual life of the present generation of the Malagasy. Various reports are sent of large meetings which have recently been held in different parts of Madagascar, indicating a quickened spiritual life on the part of the people. Yet in some sections of the great island the people are still unsupplied with missionaries and are constantly calling for them. A native pastor said to a visiting missionary not long since: "We look across to yonder road [the main road from Antananarivo.] and when we see a palanquin we have exclaimed for many a long year, 'The missionary has some at last! But no.'" Pointing to his hair, he said: "When my hair was yet black and my teeth were sound, we were always looking out for the missionary, and now you see I am a grey-haired old man and many of my teeth are gone, and yet no missionary." But these people, though their longing is not gratified, still hold fast to their Christian faith and are doing what they can to evangelize their neighbors."
—*Missionary Herald.*

Missionary Correspondence.

*THE NEEDS OF LUXOR DISTRICTS.**

AS an introduction of the needs of the Luxor District, I will ask you to go hastily with me over the distance through which we pass in going from Asyoot, the first central station north of ours, to Luxor.

Asyoot being the southern terminus of the Egyptian railway, we must make our journey by steamer. During the traveling season we may go by one of Messrs Thomas Cook & Son's steamers—that firm having made a very generous reduction of fare to American missionaries—or at other times during the year we may go by Postal steamer.

Boarding the steamer the evening before we start, we pass at about sun-down of our first day's journey the town of Ekhmeem, having traveled a distance of about seventy miles. We have now passed through that portion of the Asyoot district designated in the Annual Report as the Middle Thebaid or through that portion of the Asyoot district to the south of Asyoot which is under the influence of effective work done by the agents of Presbytery.

The Annual Report for 1886 shows that in this portion of the field there are eighteen preaching stations and thirteen schools.

Then leaving Ekhmeem the steamer arrives on the evening of the second day

*A paper read before the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Egypt, by Mrs. A. C. Murch. Published by request of the Society.

at Keneh, a distance of eighty-five miles from Ekhmeem. All this distance we are passing through a district which is not directly influenced by Presbytery's workers. In other words we pass through a long stretch of country which on account of its neither being worked from Asyoot nor from Luxor isolates Luxor district from the remaining portion of our field in Egypt.

And while as yet no vigorous work has been instituted in this portion of the field we pass it over without dwelling on the inability of our mission to man and carry on its work in this part of our territory, though it is thickly populated, contains many towns and villages, all of which are as needy as other portions of the field.

We turn our attention to the district of Luxor itself. This district begins at the northern boundary of the province of Keneh, thus covering a portion of the territory to which we have referred as unworked, Farshoot, thirty-eight miles north of Keneh, being the first large town in the district as one goes up the river. On the south our work ends at Asionan, thus making that place the southern boundary.

From Farshoot to Assanan is two hundred and ten miles. The population of this portion of Egypt is five hundred thousand. This district contains ten preaching stations and four schools are carried on. The workers consist of one missionary family, one native pastor and four evangelists.

Considering the extent of the field and its population it is at once apparent that the above workers are too few to carry on an evangelistic work in any way adequate to the needs of Luxor district.

Of schools there are but four and these are for boys. In the entire district the mission has no school for girls nor never has had.

In the absence of girls' school some of the most enlightened of our people have sent their girls to the schools for boys. Of this even there has been proportionally but little, never exceeding ten girls in a school of a hundred boys. If the training of girls were properly attended to, the practice of sending girls to the boys' schools might have given us a good opportunity to encourage mixed schools. But the disposition to keep a girl forever inferior to her brother is so strong that girls get but little attention even when they are in school. Through a whole years schooling the boys are stimulated to study in expectation of a public examination at the close of the year, such examination so conducted as to display to the very best advantage the boys' attainments. But so far as my experience goes I have never known of a girl having been permitted to recite with her class on examination day. If it cost anything to send a girl to school it would not be worth while to send her. If she is sent she is so kept down that she cannot have opportunities equal to those of the boys of her own class. So that it might truly be said that no girl of Upper Egypt has ever had an opportunity to get an education such as is afforded to the boys.

The work among the women is for the most part also in its infancy. As a result of continued and persevering labor through a long series of years, carried on by Sheikh Fam, of Koos, a very respectable number of women have been taught to read, and these have a very creditable knowledge of the Scriptures.

The training of the women of the congregation has mostly been left to the pastor since they procured one, but Sheikh Fam keeps up his work as vigorously as ever, wherever he finds a Coptic family with any leaning towards Protestantism. At the time of our location at Luxor three or four women were able to read. Since that time a number of both Protestants and Copts have learned to read. At Gourneh where the church

consists mainly of one household it is the rule of the house, at least since they became Protestants, that every female member of the household be taught to read. Oh. if we could find everywhere we go, even among our own people, families instructed as this one, how great would be our satisfaction.

At Edfoo there are two or three men so far enlightened as to make it a great pleasure to converse with them on the subject of religion. But, as usual, it is not till sometime after the men are enlightened, that the women are begun to be taught.

I found ouly one woman there who had ever seen a lady missionary. I was chiefly attractive to them, not so much on account of their interest in their spiritual welfare as from the fact that they had never before had so good an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity in regard to a foreigner of their own sex. They had no doubt often peeped slyly out from the roofs of their low huts to see travelers as they pass to see the noted temple of the place. But never before had they an opportunity of viewing at arm's length what before had only been wondered at from afar.

At Assouan one finds a very interesting congregation of men and boys, but no women attend the services. There is a prosperous school for boys in the place, but not a single girl attends it.

We have now endeavored to give briefly an account of the work as being carried on in the Luxor district. A representation of the work that is being done makes plain the needs of the field. A well-defined idea of the extent of our field, considered in connection with the fewness of our laborers, makes plain the "Needs of the Luxor District."

LETTER FROM INDIA.

MURREE, INDIA, August 22d, 1888.

The girls' boarding school closed June 29th. It was earlier than we usually closed for the summer, but we were led by circumstances.

The yearly examination came off in May. It was not so satisfactory as we wished, and there was one teacher dismissed, and one of the others was given to understand that his work had not been altogether satisfactory. A week's vacation was given and then the year's work began.

For some reason, which I could not discover, the girls seemed very slack in preparation of their lessons, and poor in deportment. Almost every day I received reports and complaints, and was driven to my wits' end.

Discipline did not seem to avail much, for while they submitted for the most part, yet in a day or two the same thing would be repeated.

About the middle of June, the teacher who had been admonished suddenly resigned. It is required of teachers here that they give fifteen day's notice of leaving or else forfeit that many days' pay. So this man gave up his pay and left at once. He gave as his reason that the girls were not studying, and were refractory, and if they came out behind in examination he would be blaimed, and lose his good name.

I was trying to find a teacher to take his place when some four days after another teacher gave notice that he would leave at the end of the month. That left me with only two teachers. It was so near the summer holidays I concluded the best thing to do was to close the school and open earlier in the fall.

There were four of the girls who had been more incorrigible than the rest; these I concluded to expell but learned there was likely to be dissatisfaction on

the part of some of the patrons of the school, so altered my decision and allowed them to remain if they wished.

It was my intention to reopen the school September 3d, but there is some cholera and small pox in some of the districts where some of the girls live, and we think it best to wait a while for fear of them getting into the school. In case there should be an epidemic of cholera, it will likely prevent us beginning for some time yet.

Two of the girls who were threatened with expulsion were supported by L. M. S.'s in America. Of course when they hear of their wards' conduct they will feel that their money has not been well spent. Yet we were not to blame, for when we proposed these girls to them, we did not know they would turn out so poorly.

Another girl who was supported by one of the Mission ladies here in the field, was just lately forcibly taken away, we fear for a bad purpose, by her mother, a professing Christian. The girl was of age to decide for herself, and when we had them arrested and taken before the magistrate she declared her wish to go with her mother, so we had to let her go.

Now if these girls had been supported by the general school funds, it would have been just as great a disappointment to have them turn out in this way, but it would have been a disappointment shared by all and so would not have had the same effect on those who contributed for them especially.

There is reason for much encouragement in regard to some of the girls. They seem to desire earnestly a more consistent Christian walk. May God help them to attain to it.

The way looks discouraging at times and it seems we must give up, that we can do no more good. While money is useful and necessary yet we need the support of your prayers even more. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." So, dear friends, pray for us.

There has been a good deal of cholera here in Murree this season. On last Sabbath, the 19th inst., Mrs. Morrison, the wife of Rev. W. J. P. Morrison, of Amballa, died of the disease. She had been in very poor health for sometime from abscess of the liver, and had been advised by her physician to try a sea voyage. They were preparing for this when she was taken off. She left three little girls, the youngest about three years of age.

The disease seems to have almost left now. We hear of a case occasionally amongst the troops quartered here. The weather is quite cool and we hope for a more healthful climate from this on.

September 1st.

Since writing the above, I was called to Sialkot by the illness of Dr. White. She had fever and rheumatism, the result of an attack of erysipelas earlier in the season, and was so weak she could do nothing for herself. I went down and brought her up here, where she is growing stronger, and we hope will soon be quite herself again.

Sincerely,

L. McCAHON.

Extracts from a private letter of Miss Tillie Strang.

ASYOOT, EGYPT, Aug. 25th, 1888.

* * * * * * *

Such a night as the last was! Dust, Dust, Dust! It was not unreasonably hot. The moon-light on the river was bewildering, and to see the day break over the hills was a grand sight. When we arrived here at five o'clock this morning we were met at the station by Mr. Kelly Giffen and Mr. Hogg. I am glad you know what Asyoot is like. To me now it is charming and of a charm that I feel sure will grow on me. To think of stepping on grass again, breathing

fresh country air, and seeing a view that is worth looking at. From my windows you see the hills, the river, the white sails and the palm trees. Add these all together and what do they make?

The young ladies took me down stairs this morning after breakfast. I was interested in such matters as the convenience of the desks, the washing, or rather toilet arrangements, and above all the perfect neatness which reigns at this early stage of the school year. Perhaps I think more of the desks, though, than anything else. How I have sighed for something of the sort the last two years, and how much noise they must save.

I like the ladies' rooms very much. I should like to write to Miss McKown. I have to think of what she is missing as well as suffering.

Yours fondly,

TILLIE.

In the Report of the Philadelphia Branch of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, a recent visitor to the land of the Pharaohs thus writes:

"The schools and the Bible reading of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, are exceedingly interesting. This Mission has about one thousand children in its schools in Cairo alone, while along the banks of the Nile it has seventy stations. The schools in Cairo are scattered in different parts of the city in order to gather in the children living near them.

"We visited the largest and central school in the Mission building, which is situated in the best part of Cairo. The exercises which we heard were most interesting, showing great diligence and care on the part of both teacher and scholar. The Mohammedan does not so much care for education in itself as for the help which it will give him in his business, and in his intercourse with other people. He hates the Christian with all the bitterness and rancor of an ardent zealot, but to secure the advantages which a knowledge of arithmetic and the three languages, English, French and Italian, will give, he will send children to a Christian school. The missionaries are obliged to teach these things to secure the pupils, but the Bible and the Gospel are faithfully and daily taught, so that under God's blessing some seed may fall into good ground, and bring forth much fruit.

"Among the higher classes the constant residence of English people has produced a great change. Many of them now earnestly desire education for their daughters, and to secure it employ either resident or visiting governesses. What an opportunity this might offer for Christian women of high attainments to teach these girls the way of life.

"But the Bible reading and visiting from house to house is the best way to reach these women of the East. These women are not shut up as the women of India, but their enjoyment of life, as we understand it, must be very limited. Considered by men as being without souls, the servants of their husbands, utterly without education, what have they of those higher objects and interests, which to a greater degree than we happy Western women realize, elevate and cheer our daily work. To these women, in their dull and monotonous lives, comes the Bible-reader, and opens the way to higher aims and purer pleasures, showing them that to them also the way of life and the Gate of Heaven are attainable. We very much enjoyed a morning with our Bible-reader. Threading our way through the dirty, uneven lanes, we visited the houses of four different women in as many different positions from poverty up to comfortable possessions. In all of these houses the Bible-reader met with a warm welcome, while she taught them the Word of God in their own language. Where the women could read, they read for themselves; but

where they could not, after their lesson in spelling out the words for themselves, the reader read to them and explained the precious chapters. Afterward came the inevitable cup of Turkish coffee, which the poorest host offers to his guest, and we left the house convinced that in this way only can many of these women be reached.

"The Mission Stations on the Nile are very promising, and these poor people are being trained to the virtue of sharing their small possessions with others more needy than themselves. We were told that in the year 1885 these Egyptians gave over five thousand pounds for the Gospel. What a sermon for us Americans in our abundance!"

From a private letter we quote the following:

"The idea is often advanced that foreign mission work acts beneficially on one's piety, but I think that can scarcely be true, at least for the first year or so. I sometimes really feel as though there was more likelihood of my becoming a heathen than of making converts of others. A man needs a strong type of Christianity to live among heathen and not suffer from it. We found many surprises in coming to this land. We found more of the comforts of civilization that we had expected, but as far as preference goes merely I would not take all the bodily comforts one could have and live in a heathen land. Still if God gives us work to do I am sure we can live here and enjoy life and our work very much, but, as we toil at the language, we are inclined to look back anxiously to the days when there was such a thing as the gift of tongues. It is quite a different thing to learn a language so as to talk it from learning to read it."

A minister lately spoke of the lad who brought the barley-loaves and the woman who made them. Little did she think, as she pounded the grain and mixed the dough and tempered the heat of the oven, that her loaves were to feed the gathering companies who sat down in ordinary ranks on the green grass and were refreshed by a meal presided over by Christ. As little do we know whereunto one small act of ours may grow.

Young Peoples' Department.

DEAR young friends in all our Mission Bands: We hail you with a "God speed," as you enter upon the service of the Lord, as toilers in his vineyard. Young workers for the Master! what more beautiful and grateful offering of your best powers can you make than to consecrate them to holy service in the morning of your lives, while the dew of youth is yet upon you, and the bright day of womanhood promises so fair! Nothing cheers the hearts of the older workers, of your pastors, and of the great, loving heart of the Master himself more than to see the young, even the *little* ones, yielding themselves to the sweet influences of the Saviour's love, and reaching out their hands to help on the coming day, when all shall know and love the Lord.

May your young hearts glow with zeal for the work, and that the blessing of Him who said: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," may rest ever upon each one of you and your labors, is the desire of one who loves and prays for you.

M. J. W., Kenton, O.

THE FRAGMENT SOCIETY.

BY M. L. WILDER.

All over the church had gone the request for help in raising the heavy debt that last year rested on the Boards. To the women and children it had come, till all had a chance to help in raising the large sum of money needed.

Of course the Presbyterial secretaries cannot know the condition of all the societies they write to, but to rich and poor alike they send their appeals. I am sure if the secretary of a certain Presbyterial society had known what a discouraged set of girls the band in——was composed of, she would not have thought it wise to add to their troubles by asking them to do more than raise their yearly pledge; a pledge it was really hard for them to meet.

There were only seven of them left in that band. Two of their best members had moved away; so had the good lady who had organized them for missionary work, and there seemed to be no one else to take her place as leader. There were other girls who had once belonged to the band, but they no longer cared for missionary work, so these seven were getting on the best they could alone.

It was a regular meeting held on the steps of the back porch of the President's house. Rather a blue meeting, it must be confessed. Some of the girls had come to that meeting with the intention of advising a disbandment, it was getting so hard to do the little they had been doing; when lo, and behold, they were met with this request for extra aid for the missionary cause.

The first effect of the letter was to give them a feeling of importance. A letter to seven girls, from a real Presbyterial Secretary! Just as if they were grown up women! It was really very pleasing, and caused the girls to think less of disbanding.

But the next effect of that letter was to discourage them; for how could they respond to its call, while they were so far behind on their pledge!

"Of course we cannot, without some sort of a special effort," replied Amy Longstreet, who was what the others called, "the glue" of that band, because she was never so altogether discouraged as they were, and by her determination held the band together.

"And what would your original and fertile brain suggest in the way of a *special effort*? It seems to me most of our efforts, are *special* now days," came from some one.

"I don't know, unless we resolve ourselves into a Fragment Society."

"A Fragment Society," echoed Julia Saltus, adding; "as though we were not but a remnant already! All tattered and torn at that." And the president with such dignity as was at her command was saying: "Will Miss Longstreet please rise and enlighten this august assembly upon the peculiar functions of a 'Fragment Society?'"

Whereupon Amy answered: "We cannot do anything that will lessen the chances of our yearly pledge, but my idea is that we can gather up odds and ends, and, at odd times, make out of them pretty little trifles, which, costing us nothing, we can sell cheaply and give whatever we make to the debt."

"And from what magic storehouse are these costless valuables to be exhumed?" inquired Julia, mischievously.

"From the mysterious depths of our treasure boxes, as well as from the endless resources of the family rag-bag," replied Amy, decidedly.

"And what do you propose to do with a lot of scraps?" asked one doubting soul.

"Make things, of course. I have seen forty things made of bits no better than those thrown away every time there is

sewing done in any of our homes," returned Amy.

"What for instance?" inquired the president. To which Amy quickly replied:

"Pocket pin-cushions, round or flat, fancy shaped or shaped like little boots and shoes and slippers. Flat-iron holders by the quantity. Holders for hot tea or coffee pot handles. Holders to open hot stove-doors with. Pen-wipers, needle-books—"

Light and courage were breaking in upon the group, and with these came wits to them all, till from one and another burst suggestions of the numerous little things that could actually be made from odds and ends hardly large enough to be dignified by the name of fragments.

One suggested the buying of at least a couple of dozen penny china dolls, to dress like little babies, sure that no child in town would rest, after seeing them, till the necessary five cents for the purchase of one was forthcoming. To this idea was added another, of using more such dolls in the line of pen-wipers and pin-cushions. In the former case they were to be warmly clad in scraps of flannel or cloth, and their skirts to serve as pen-wipers, while for pin-cushions these bits of china should be clad in a flowing skirt of silk or bright woolen goods, and have these skirts well stuffed with sawdust, after which round pieces of covered pasteboard, fitting the bottom of the skirts, were to be neatly sewed in.

"Or," interrupted another, "out of our nicest scraps of silk and velvet and lace we can make pretty sachet-bags. I have quite a package of powder we can use to scent them."

"And we can make emery-bags," said still another. "Don't you remember that my mother told us how the ladies upon the lake always made them in their society, and filled them with that beautiful black sand. I have a large bottle of that." And so they went on, *until more than forty things* had been thought of, proving, once again, that a will makes a way, and they actually fell to bemoaning the terrible waste continually going on in all the rag-bags and scrap drawers of the world.

How to sell all the things they proposed to make was the next question. A little sale, after the fashion of a little fair, was the first thought; but reflection assured them that as the people of their village were not greatly interested in missionary work, very few would come to such a sale, especially as they would be apt to think their articles, before seeing them, considering their origin, only worthless "get ups."

After various other modes of turning their work into money had been unsatisfactorily discussed, Amy Longstreet once more arose in her majesty.

"Let's peddle them, girls," she said. The idea was somewhat of a shock to her companions. but she insisted.

"If we're very much in earnest in this matter, we will be willing to put our pride in our pockets, and take our work from house to house, telling our friends what we are working for. Let us get our work done by the first of December, and try to make our sales just before Christmas. I am sure if our work is nicely done, people will buy a good many things for Christmas presents."

As usual, Amy's voice became the society's voice and it was soon moved and carried, according to her suggestions. As for other arrangements, nothing was allowed to interfere with the regular monthly meetings of the Band, but in between, as often as they chose, the "Fragment Society" was to come together to exchange ideas, and help one another devise and accomplish work. No money was to be spent for anything but for thread, or sewing silk, and the little dolls, and besides the "together meetings," as the girls called them, each member of that society was to pledge one

well-finished piece of work per week.

Just before the meeting of which we write adjourned, instead of proposing that the Band disband, the secretary was instructed to reply to the Presbyterial secretary's letter, saying that they would do what they could toward the debt. What more could any Band promise? After which, on reaching their several homes, there began such a rumaging of boxes and drawers and bags by the girls as spoke ill for the growth of rag-carpets or home-made rugs for sometime to come.

To make a long story short, December came before it was wanted, though not one day out of its regular course. But who could use up such a pile of fragments as had accumulated? For besides their own gathering, when it had been noised abroad what the girls were doing, and what marvelous little things fell from their fingers, people began to take an interest in the enterprise, and sent some of their prettiest scraps, till the "Fragment Society" was constrained to cry "Enough."

Their dainty "nothings," as the girls called them, were marked reasonably low—too low some of the purchasers said—divided among the seven members of the Society, and peddled with the gratifying result of thirteen dollars and a few cents, besides orders for more of some of the prettiest articles.

Are there discouraged girls, large or small, who will resolve themselves into a "Fragment Society" this year, and make a special effort to answer the call that comes from the Women's Board in behalf of the "Hospital fund?"—*Selected.*

THE W. C. T. U. made a step in the right direction when, at its late meeting, it appointed a committee to call on Gov. Foraker and Gen. Hurst and protest in the name of the Uuion, against the opening of the Columbus Centennial grounds on Sabbath.

RECITATION FOR MISSION BAND—THE TWO CHURCH BUILDERS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A famous king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And that the praise might be his own
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift,
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame
Upon a tablet, broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come,
(A halo round his head,)
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

What could it be? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel-hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a *woman's* in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow, poor and lone.

The king enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman trembling sore
He said, "'Tis very clear
That thou hast broken my command;
Now let the truth appear!"

"Your Majesty," the widow said,
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke your Majesty's command,
(I crave your royal ruth,")

"And since I had no money, sir,
  Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your Majesty;
  And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
  To one a wisp of hay?"

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
  Self-glory was *my* aim;
The *woman* gave for love of God,
  And not for worldly fame,
'Tis my command the tablet bear
  The pious widow's name!"

CHURCH HISTORY.

Sarah.—How quickly summer has flown! Although the afternoon is so pleasant, we dare not sit on the porch as in summer.

Robby.—Well sister, when you read yesterday about "November's surly blasts," I said November is not cold and cross, for I had my little boat out on the lake just like summer, then grandpa said it was "Indian summer." What did he mean?

Sarah.—Well, Robby, in our part of the country we usually have some warm pleasant days after perhaps weeks of cold and frost, and it is said in these pleasant days the Indian stored their winter food; gathered nuts, corn, and dried meat, etc., and thought the mild south-west wind came from their South god.

Robby.—I know nuts grow wild, but we must plant corn.

Sarah.—In the olden times corn grew wild in our country and we read that when Australia was discovered, corn was growing without cultivation. When William Penn wrote home from Pennsylvania he told his English friends of this corn, and when the Indians pounded it for cooking they called it hominy.

Robby.—The Bible says the disciples plucked the ears of corn. So it must have grown in that country.

Sarah.—All grains from which bread is made is called corn. Maize is no doubt the proper name for the grain we call corn. Wheat we know grew in Palestine and is the corn of the Bible. Now our corn in grown in many countries and as far off as North Africa.

Mamma.—You forget, children, we were to continue our talks of events and persons in early Church history.

Sarah.—O yes, you were to tell us more of Origen.

Robby.—And I want to know what became of that bad king.

Mamma.—Well, in mercy to the church, we are glad to know that almost all those cruel persecutors died young or their reign was cut short by some means. Septimus Severus died A. D. 211, and his son Caracalla came to the throne.

Robby.—Was he a good king, mamma?

Mamma.—No, he was not. History gives us sad accounts of his wicked doings, but he never persecuted Christians, and this because the woman who nursed him in infancy was a Christian, and he remembered his father had been cured of a severe illness by a Christian physician whose name was Procolus, and Caracalla manifested his gratitude by entertaining him in his palace while he lived, and never permitted any cruelty to the Christians. Once when a little boy he rescued a Christian child from one who was beating him. About the time of his accession to the throne, Origen visited Rome, and several churches in Italy, then returned to his schools in Alexandria. He not only continued teaching, but studied diligently, and wrote much in various languages. At one time the governor of Arabia sent for him in order that he might receive instruction from him. He undertook the journey but returned to Egypt.

Robby.—Was that king a soldier, mamma?

Mamma.—We do not know of his being himself in battle, but he had a large army, and for some slight offence we read he sent soldiers to destroy the city of Alexandria. He delighted in cruelty, as did the wicked Nero, who killed his mother; for Caracalla, when once on his way to Rome, murdered his brother, but soon after this he himself was murdered by an assassin. After the death of Caracalla, Alexander Severus became emperor. He too was kind to the Christians. His mother's name was Mamnea, of whom the historian Eusebius writes, "She was a godly and religious woman" At one time she sent an escort for Origen to have him instruct her in the doctrines of Christ, but we are sorry to find no evidence of her true conversion. She and her son had a domestic chapel where they had statues of various gods, and of these was one of Jesus Christ. During the reign of this king Origen traveled through various countries, sometimes sent for to teach, sometime to reclaim those who had wandered from the true faith. This kind and good emperor was murdered, and Philip came to the throne. Origen lived through his reign, teaching and writing and visiting the churches. After this the Church enjoyed peace and quiet 40 years, the cruel Decius then came to the throne. Then there was a general persecution, when there was more called to suffer martyrdom than in any former period. Alexander, the venerable pastor of Jerusalem, was slain and many prominent men and women. Origen suffered various tortures, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ Jesus. Living for a time after this, he died peacefully in his 70th year.

Sarah—Will we not have time to hear more of this period?

Mamma—In the study of the Christian church, it is a sad truth when there is a long while of peace and prosperity, the church too often, like Israel of old, forsake the divine law and turn to idols.

Robby—O, mamma, Christians do not worship brass things like uncle brought from China.

Mamma—No, Robby, but when God's people love the world more than Himself, and teach and believe what He forbids we grieve our Heavenly Father. He says Himself in the second commandment that He is a "jealous God," claiming all our affections. Do you remember when Jesus talked with the woman of Sychar? He told her God wanted His people to worship Him in Spirit and in truth, and says, "for the Father seeketh such to worship Him," as if in an age of worldliness, the Father is looking into hearts to see if He can find true spiritual worship. In this period the Church was surrounded by much evil; professing Christians became worldly, and often led into various errors, so that it seemed necessary to send persecution in order to separate the chaff from the wheat. But to answer Sarah. Cyphrian is the next prominent man of whom we will learn somewhat. He, unlike Origen, was not brought to a knowledge of Christ until in middle life. His history is said to have been written by one of his deacons. If so, it has been lost, but from Church history we learn that he was a man of learning and wealth, and a native of Carthage.

Robby.—O, sister, tell me about that town.

Sarah.—Well, Carthage was in the far off olden times a famous city of Africa, and a long time the rival of Rome. It was situated in North Africa near Tunis. It had, when in its glory, three walls, and was one of the most splendid cities in the then known world. It had many temples dedicated to various gods. It had also a forum, a circus and theatre, and had 700,000 inhabitants. We learn it was founded by Queen Dido, and after many hard fought battles, it was con-

quered by the Romans, 140 years before Christ; about thirty years afterwards the Romans sent a colony of people and some soldiers, and rebuilt part of it, but Mamma says the great Augustine lived in Carthage, and when she tells us of him we will hear more of the city.

Robby.—O, dear! what a time people have tearing down and building up, but please, Mamma, wait until next Sabbath to tell us of that other good man, else I cannot see in time of worship. M.

Editorial Department.

IT is but due to Mrs. Fulton's devoted friends that subcsribers should know that to them they are largely indebted for the very fine portrait in the October number.

IT is but due Rev. R. W. McBride to say that his letter which all will find so interesting was not intended for publication, but it suited one purpose so well that without his "knowledge or consent" we have given it a leading place.

THE prettiest incident at the Mohonk Conference was the presentation, in a most felicitous speech by the chairman, General Fisk, of a noble bronze head of an Indian to Friends Albert and Eliza, the two Smileys, whose hospitality has made these Conferences possible.

THE Seventy-ninth Annual Meeting of the American Board was recently held in Music Hall, Cleveland. It is a matter for thankfulness that the "Second Probation" movement which was so threatening some time ago has been gradually losing force, and that this body is again moving forward in its grand work unmolested. Over four hundred missionaries are under its care, of whom about one-third belong to the Turkish mission. By the preached word, by the instrnction in colleges and mission schools the good seed is being sown in the very heart of the Ottoman Empire. The good work that is being done there eternity alone will reveal.

WANTED—The friends of the MAGAZINE to know that an increase of circulation is necessary to keep it in good financial condition.

Perhaps the greatest annoyance in connection with the work has been the failure of some to get their magazines. When we have been notified of such failures the missing numbers have been sent, or the parties notified of our inability to accommodate, which has, however, seldom happened. If the numbers thus sent have not been received the fault is with the post-office department.

In order to overcome this trouble, as far as possible, arrangements have been made to have the mailing done with printed tabs, and this at considerable expense. It is earnestly hoped that the friends of the MAGAZINE will show their approval of this movement by increasing its income by a goodly number of new subscribers.

If the "Coral Workers" serve as models in any department of mission work they certainly do in this. One sixty cent contribution after another, if piled up *untiringly*, will at length swell the fund to what is necessary to sustain a missionary periodical.

A paper from one place, an item from another, a selection from still another—all voicing the thoughts and feelings of the senders, provide its pages with what may be in turn an inspiration to others. Your committee have the same family cares that you have, and have the same demands made on their time from other

quarters; and all should realize that it is only by God's blessing on honest, earnest, continued and *united* efforts, that this enterprise which promises so for much good will succeed.

MISS EMMA DEAN ANDERSON'S address for the present is Glade Mills, Butler Co., Pa. We hope she will enjoy her rest in her native land and be benefited by it.

Once after Bishop Thoburn, of India, had preached to an immense audience he was told that almost all the very wicked people of Calcutta were among his hearers. He replied that this was delightful news to him for his Saviour said, "I am come to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance."

From a private letter we take the following:

A private meeting during the recent Conference on Indian affairs held at Lake Mohonk, was called to formulate some means wherewith to combat the Jesuit influence at Washington, in which city a priest, secure in the backing of a million votes, has been endeavoring to get the instruction of the young Indians into Roman Catholic power. The Protestant opposition is but slight and possesses small influence.

In this meeting at Lake Mohonk, one of the speakers rather advocated the plan of having Roman Catholic nuns, or "sisters," to teach the young Indians; for he thought from their pure faces that they could do no harm. It is gratifying to know that Dr. Lyman Abbott resisted the proposal and borrowed the sentiment of Victor Hugo, asking what Romanists had done for Ireland, Spain and Italy, of whom they had had the training for so long. It is stated that the former speaker apologized the next day, and stated his regret at having made such a suggestion.

PROGRAMME FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Opening exercises conducted by the President. Singing Ps. 116, 7–10, L. M. Reading 1 Cor. 15.

Prayer.

Singing Ps. 96, 1–4, C. M.

Bible Reading.—Salvation. Conducted by ——.

1. The Father's work in our salvation. John 3, 16–17; 1 John 4, 9–10; Rom. 5, 7–8; Rom. 8, 32–33; Ps. 40, 77; 1 Tim. 1, 15; 1 Pet. 2, 23; John 19, 30; Rom. 10, 4; Gal. 2, 16; Gal. 2, 20.

2. Christ's work in our salvation. He makes intercession for us. Heb. 7, 24–25; Heb. 9, 24; Heb. 4, 14–16; Acts 7, 55–56;

3. The Spirit's work in our salvation. He puts us into personal possession of it. John 16, 7–11; John 14, 26; Rom. 8, 26–27; Rom. 8, 15–17; 1 Cor. 3, 16.

Singing Ps. 98, 1–4, 8s and 7s.

2. Repeating Scripture promises.

3. Miscellaneous business.

Close with singing Ps. 133.

MRS. MARY E. HANNA,
MRS. MARY N. MCMICHAEL,
MISS ELLEN PHELPS. } Com.

FROM the report and platform of the late Mohonk Conference in the *Independent* we glean the following. Would that we could transfer these more fully to our pages, but the barest outline must suffice:

The Mohonk Conference is really a meeting of the Board of Indian Commissioners, to which, on the invitation of Albert K. Smiley, one of the members of the Board, as host, as many men and women specially interested in the welfare of the Indian as can be accommodated as his guests, are invited. There were to be met last week the two brothers Smiley; Indian Commissioners Fisk, Whittlesey and Barstow; Secretaries Kendall, Strieby and Ellinwood; Professors J. B. Thayer and F. G. Peabody, the Rev. H.

W. Foote and Messrs. Houghton and Dudley, of Cambridge and Boston; Austin Abbott, Judge Draper, Superintendent of the Schools of New York; ex-Mayor Low, of Brooklyn; General Armstrong and General C. H. Howard; Editors Kinney, of Hartford, Smith, of Philadelphia, and Abbott and Ward of New York; Professor Painter, of Washington; Mrs Quinton, Mrs. Senator Dawes and Miss Dawes, Miss Helen Ludlow, Miss Collins, Mrs. Kinney and nearly a hundred other officers of Indian associations, and earnest men and women from all over the country.

What these friends of the Indian, some theoretical and some practical, some students of laws and principles, and others of conditions and facts, teachers, inspectors, missionaries and Eastern friends agree upon may be concluded to be nearly right. It has been in the past, and legislation has followed their decree.

The tone of the meeting was one of great hopefulness. This came in part from the fact that on the day that the Conference met, by a happy and perhaps designed coincidence, the President sent in to the Senate the name of Mr. Oberly for Indian Commissioner, and of Mr. Albro for Superintendent of Indian schools. These are both very competent men, Mr. Oberly having had experience in the Bureau, and having proved himself a true friend of the Indian, and Mr. Albro being thoroughly adept in the normal methods of the State of New York.

* * With the new Indian Commissioners and Superintendent of Indian schools, we may expect some things to come to an end. We may hope that there will be an end of the rule that a child who has once been, perhaps for only a month, in a Government school, shall never be be allowed to go to a mission school. That is simply outrageous. Also we may hope that in filling up Government schools the agents and their police will not select out the children who have been going to mission schools. We have known three-fourths of the children preparing to return to a missson school to be seized and forced into a Government school, although there were on the agency three thousand children going to no school whatever. The reason was that these children, having already been partly trained, would make a better show in the Government school. We may hope that there will be an end of an agent telling a missionary, to whom or to whose school the Government pays not one cent, how many meetings he may hold in a week, what he shall do in those meetings, and generally interfering with his religious work. That must now be stopped. We may also hope to have teachers sent who shall be competent and permanent, and farmers who will not instruct the Indians to plant their turnips a half a peck in a hill.

NO APOLOGY is offered for the large amount of space devoted to the "Indian Question" in this number. These children of the forest have a claim upon the sympathy, support and prayers of every patriot and philanthopist and especially of every Christian in this land. But the majority of professing Christians have not been brought into contact with the thrilling facts of Indian history and life. We believe that at the present time God, in His providence, is opening the eyes of our own Church, as well as other Churches, to the immediate duty of sending the gospel to these needy people. Our endeavor has been to confront our readers with these facts, that more than any argument ought to convince the skeptical and thrill the most apathetic. When we see the footsteps of God in this "onward march of missions to the red man" the Church should at once arise to the magnitude and emergency of the duty laid upon her, and every loyal heart should respond to the appeals made on their behalf.

Women's Auxiliary Board, Etc.

THE WOMEN'S BOARD.

One of the hard questions at the October meeting was, "Who needs a box?" We do not want to advertise for candidates for "Home Mission" boxes, but something of the kind may be necessary before our Corresponding Secretary can give seven waiting societies work in that line. Who can throw any light on the subject?

The Warm Springs Indian School buildings should not be forgotten in their enforced silence. There need be no delay in sending contributions, now that there is a prospect of resuming the work at an early date.

Societies that have not yet heard Dr. S. E. Johnson's lecture on missionary work in India should invite her to visit them during the fall and winter. They will find much pleasure in store for themselves and at the same time help Mrs. Johnson perfect herself for future work. Until Nov. 20th her address will be "Women's Medical College, 21st St., and North College ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

In addition to a list of boxes sent last month, the Secretary of Freedmen's Missions reported another applicant for the position of Bible reader, and two societies that would support two little girls in the Knoxville Home.

The "Mission Band Manual" is progressing as rapidly as possible. It will receive a cordial welcome from all who have been helped by Miss Clokey's suggestion in times past.

Mrs. J. R. Johnston, of Washington, Pa., was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. McCartney's removal to Chicago.

Receipts for September, $1,384.67.

The Treasurer still hopes to see the day when all money from every society in a Presbyterial Association will be sent through the *Presbyterial Treasurer*. Just consider the difference between 675 society accounts and the same reduced to 43 Presbyterial accounts, and decide whether Miss Sloan's labors could not be greatly diminished by adopting such a plan.

MARGARET M. SHAW,
Recording Secretary.

W. M. ASSOCIATION OF LAKE PRESBYTERY.

The Women's Missionary Association of Lake Presbytery met at Jamestown, Pa., Aug. 16, 1888. The opening exercises were conducted by the Vice-President, Miss Ella Smith. The Corresponding Secretary and Recording Secretary both being absent, Maggie J. Brown was elected Secretary pro tem. Delegates representing nine societies and four mission bands were present. A cordial address of welcome was delivered by Mrs. J. J. Christy, of Jamestown, and a response given in a few earnest words by the President. Miss McMichael.

Encouraging reports were read by delegates, showing, to some extent, an increased interest in missionary work. The Association, during the morning session, was favored with an interesting essay on "Thank Offerings," by Mrs. J. H. Collins, of Espyville. Mrs. R. Atin read a well-prepared paper, subject, "Free Will Offerings." The committee on revision of constitution presented a report, which, with some slight amendments, was adopted. Committees on nominations, on place of meeting, and on resolutions, were appointed.

After partaking of a bountiful dinner prepared by the ladies of the congregation and served in the church, the Association reconvened at 1:30 p. m. Mrs. J. R. Wallace conducted the devotional exercises. Miss Gertie Bennett, of Espyville, gave a recitation entitled, "Mission Greeting." Miss Jennie Pressley, of Erie, delegate to W. G. M. S., held in Washington, Pa., gave an interesting report of the meeting.

The subject, "Freedmen's Missions," was then presented by Miss M. McBride, of Sandy Lake, a teacher in Knoxville College. Miss Pressley read a letter from Miss Maggie Livingston, of Blue Stone Mission. These exercises were both listened to with close attention.

A discussion—"What is Mission Work?" was ably opened by Miss E. J. Pollock, of Erie, followed by Miss Donnan, Miss McMichael, Rev. J. C. Herron and Dr. Hervey Little. Miss Edith Moore, of Waterford Mission Band, gave a recitation entitled, "Here am I, send me," followed by a recitation, subject, "The Children's Prayer," by Miss Hattie Davis, of Shenango Mission Band, and "The Temple Window," by Miss Lina Brittain, of Cochranton Mission Band.

Miss M. McKnight, of Erie, read an essay, subject, "Women's Work for Women at Home and Abroad," followed by an essay entitled, "Then Whose Shall These Things Be, Which Thou Hast Provided?" by Clara Hazen, of Adamsville. These were excellent papers. Miss Rose Bennett gave a recitation entitled, "The Starless Crown," which, with the other recitations given, was worthy of commendation.

An experience meeting—subject, "How Did I Become Interested in Mission Work?" was opened by Mrs. E. E. Chapman, of Espyville, followed by a number of other ladies. Miss Maggie Brown, of Greenville, read an essay, subject, "How Can We Best Meet Our Obligations?"

The Treasurer, Miss Ella Smith, presented her report for the year ending April, 1888, which was approved. The committee on nominations reported the following officers for the coming year, who were elected: President, Mrs. J. R. Wallace; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Alice Dodds; 2d Vice-President, Miss Maggie Brown; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Christy; Recording Secretary, Miss Luella Donnan; Treasurer, Miss Ella Smith. Delegates to the

W. G. M. S, are Principals, Mrs. Nannie Rodgers, Mrs. J. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. Frater; alternates, Mrs. Dr. McElhaney, Mrs. R. C. McMaster, Miss Mary E. Moore.

The evening session was opened with devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. P. W. Free. Mrs. Dennison, of the Presbyterian church, read a paper giving an account of the work accomplished in that branch of the Church during the past years. The annual report prepared by Miss Mary S. Moore, Recording Secretary, was read by Miss Ella Smith. Miss Emma D. Anderson delivered an instructive address, which was listened to with close attention. Resolutions were adopted acknowledging the blessings bestowed by our Heavenly Father during the past year; thanking the President and all others who contributed to the interest of the meeting, especially our missionaries from the foreign field—Mrs. McKee and Miss Anderson, and Miss McBride, of the Freedmen's Mission; also Rev. Wallace and his congregation for their hospitality and kindness so heartily manifested.

The meeting throughout was interspersed with "praise," and was an enjoyable, and, we trust, a profitable one. The next meeting will be held at Cochranton. SECRETARY PRO TEM.

The following is the action of the Woman's Missionary Society of the U. P. church of Beaver, Pa., on the death of Mrs. Emily Scroggs.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wise providence, to call Mrs. Emily Scroggs, our christian sister and companion in labor, from service to reward, from the cross to to the crown, therefore

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father who doeth all things according to the good pleasure of His will.

Resolved, That in meekness of spirit, faithfulness to duty, patience in suffering, and simplicity of trust in Christ, our departed sister has left us an example that we should follow.

Resolved, That the relatives and friends of the deceased have our sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE WOMENS' MISSIONARY MAGAZINE and Beaver papers.

MRS. REV. W. S. HARPER,
MARY C. HARPER, } Com.

The seventh annual meeting of the W. M. S. of India Presbytery convened at Rushville, August 22nd, 2 p. m. The following was the order of exercises:

Devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. A. S. Vincent.

Song of welcome—Rushville U. P. quartette.

Address of welcome—Mrs. N. L. Heidger.

Response—Miss Jennie Duncan.

Twenty-one delegates answered to roll call.

Reports from local societies, the Pres., Treas., and Mrs. A. S. Vincent, delegate to the last W. G. M. S. were given.

7:30 p. m., Temperance Session.

Children's exercises, recitations by young ladies from the various local societies, and address on the work of the W. C. T. U., by Miss Nannie Powers.

Appointment of committees.

THURSDAY, 9 A. M.

Devotional exercises and praise service, conducted by Mrs. Bonner. Praise service included papers, Thanksgiving for individual blessings, Miss Susie McFetridge; thanksgiving for blessings upon missionary efforts, Mrs. S. Mathews; thanksgiving for blessings manifested to the United Presbyterian church, Miss Emma Shannon.

Paper, Consecration—Miss Olive Wilson.

Recitation: The Heathen Woman's Prayer—Miss Brucie Hudelson.

Conference—Our obligations to Miss Given.

Mrs. Vincent was requested to deliver her address "Implements—How to Use Them" which she delivered at the Washington convention.

2 p. m.—Devotional exercises conducted by Miss Millie Logan.

Reading—Miss Millie Innis.

Recitation—The Missionary Bridge—Miss Nettie Shannon.

Paper: Claims of the Woman's Board—Mrs. J. P. Cowan.

Recitation: The Palace o' the King—Miss Mary Sleeth.

Reading of missionary letters from Mrs. G. W. Morrison and Miss Anna Given.

The adoption of various resolutions and the election of officers for the following year, and delegate to W. G. M. C. followed.

7:30 p. m.—Mr. and Mrs Moosa, Egyptian converts interested a large audience with illustrations of Egyptian customs and an address by Mr Moosa.

Association adjourned to meet at Caledonia August 1889. MRS. A. S. VINCENT, President.

HATTIE A. KERR, Recording Secretary.

RECEIPTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1888.

(When not otherwise specified, the money is from the W. M. S. of place named.)

FOREIGN MISSIONS—Aftermath M. S. McKeesport, Pa., $13 75; Bueno Vista, Westmoreland Pres., 10. Chartiers, Chartiers Pres. 15; 2nd Ch. Philadelphia, Uniontown, O. 10; First Ohio Pres., 50.

SALARIES—Miss Given, Indiana Pres., $23 75 Allegheny Pres., 150; Miss McCahon, Chartiers Pres. 110; Miss C. E. Wilson, Des Moines Pres., 112 50; Miss Corbett, Conemaugh Pres., 100; Miss Thompson First Ohio Pres., 62 50; Miss Smith, Garnett Pres., 5; Miss Hogg, 3d Ch., Allegheny, 75.

MISCELLANEOUS...Logan's Ferry, Women's work in Egypt, 13; 8th Ch., Philadelphia, for Training School in India, 15; also for same in Egypt, 15; North Ch Philadelphia, for Girl's Training School, Egypt 15; Mission Band, 2d Ch, Philadelphia, for support of Maria Geiges, Miss Smith's school, 30; Y. L. M. S., Olathe, Kan., for teacher at Zagazig, Egypt, 25 60.

DR. WHITE'S HOSPITAL....Wm. J. Gibson, M. D., Philadelphia, $50; Three classes in S. S., Four Mile, Pa., 6.75; Mission Band, West Newton, Pa., 12; Baltimore, 40; First Ohio Pres., 40 50.

HOME MISSIONS...Kenton, O., $7; Scotch Ridge, O., 10; Fairfield and Ligonier, Pa, 10; Bueno Vista Westmoreland Pres., 5; Summerset, Ia. 29; Bayard Ia., 3; Monroe, Ia., 10.20; Des Moines, Ia., 8.25; Uniontown, O., 5; "The Gleaners" West Bellevne, Pa., 20; Y. L. Aid Soc., 4th Ch., Allegheny, for Warm Spring Indian Mission, 50; First Ohio Pres., for same, 5; Clinton Frankfort Pres., for same, 15.

FREEDMEN'S MISSION...Washington, Pa., 50; Unity Ia., 9.85; Uniontown, O., 4; First Ohio Pres., 12.25.

LITTLE GIRL'S HOME...Mrs. R. E. Adams, O., 6; "Pearl Gatherers," Nortonville, Kan., 1.75; a S. S. class of little girls, West Newton, Pa., 3.33; Y. L. Aid Soc., 4th Allegheny to educate a little girl, 25.

CHURCH EXTENSION AND PARSONAGE FUND ..Kenton O., $7.60; Bueno Vista, Westmoreland Pres., 5; Viola, Ill. 10.41.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF...2nd Ch. Mercer, Pa., 26; Uniontown, O., 2.

ORPHAN'S HOME HOSPITAL, ALLEGHENY...S. S. West Newton, Pa., 11.48.

From sale of Rules of Order, 2.60.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

The Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society of the 1st United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, make the following minute of the death of Mrs. Sarah A. Sawyer, who died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Sept. 5th, 1888. It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His all wise providence to call away from us to Himself, our much loved friend and co-worker, Mrs. Sarah A. Sawyer.

We, as a Society, desire to express and make permanent record of our appreciation of the great excellence of her christian life and character, her conscientious devotion, to the work of christian charity, her abounding liberality, her readiness for every good word and work. We feel that our Society has lost one of its most earnest and helpful workers, the church one of its most constant and valued members, and the Christian home one of its brightest ornaments.

Mrs. Sawyer was gifted with those graces of christian character, which won the heart of all who knew her, and gave her a welcome place in every circle. But it was especially in her works of faith, and labors of love through all these years of her life, that her chief excellence appeared. She never forgot the words of the Lord Jesus how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

We cherish her memory as that of a beloved friend, and we trust that her christian life and triumphant death, will inspire us to a new consecration to the Master's service. To the bereaved circle in the home we extend our sincere sympathies, commending them to him, who wept with the mourners, in the home of Bethany, and who has given the promise. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

By order of Society.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.